The Evening World.

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IT MUST SINK IN.

TO SECRETARY GARRISON the country owes another cogent presentation of its practical needs as a nation in a world which has postponed the millennium indefinitely.

Not every American will read Secretary Garrison's report. Portions of it, at least, should, however, percolate to almost every intelligence. Many of its details have been already presented. The increase of the regular army to a total of 141,843 enlisted men and officers, and the addition of a civilian force of 400,000 citizens under training for three months each year for a period of three years, are proposals already familiar.

It is unfortunate that their moderation should be obscured by the flamboyant plan offered by the War College for a continental army of 1,500,000—assuming, it would seem, that any navy this country could build must be expected to disappear at an early stage in the hostilities.

Discussion will level extravagance. The main point is that discussion ought to be serious and based on conviction.

The people of the United States are asked to spend on an average $200,000,000 yearly for the next four years to provide the nation with adequate fighting power in case of need.

The cost—and this is for the army only—is large. Nevertheless it has become the duty of every American to measure the cost, to take counsel with himself as to the why and wherefore of it and to face squarely the consequences of refusing to admit its necessity.

Americans whose awareness of the world embraces more than the portion bounded by the cozy limits of their daily existence will, as the Secretary of War says, "disregard those who distort facts or ignore facts and who would substitute sentiment for reason. They have reached a realization that this matter is their business and that like all business it must be treated from the standpoint of reason and common sense."

Civilization has not guaranteed the United States eternal peace and protection merely because it behaves itself and is entitled to these precious favors. If it expects justice it must stand ready to exact justice. If it is to be prepared it must spend money to that end.

The sooner the country absorbs this idea and quits squinting at preparedness as if expecting to see it change suddenly to politics the surer is Congress to catch the right spirit, forget party lines, and unite as one representative body to perform conscientiously an imperative duty toward the nation.

Not satisfied with slaying billions of the enemy last summer the fly swatters urge a winter campaign. With the coming of cold weather, they tell us, the late-born fly who escaped the slaughter hies himself to a warm crack in house or stable and prepares to replenish the ranks for the coming season. One fly that survives the winter, we are assured, will become the parent of hundreds of millions next summer.

Therefore, O housekeeper, swat the winter fly in his cozy corner. Don't think he's dead when you find him sleeping on his back. He's only playing 'possum while the thermometer is low. Swat him, kill him and be sure to burn his body. Quick or dead, he's a menace to health as long as there's anything left of him.

WEALTH STOPS WORRYING.

AS CROCUSES herald the approach of spring, so have costly apartment house projects come to be regarded in this city as promises of quickened building activity in all directions.

There is no overlooking current signs. The most luxurious stack of one story dwellings the world has ever seen is presently to rise in Fifth Avenue on the site of the old Progress Club at Sixty-third Street. Another pile of princely flats is going up on the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street. Twenty room apartments with eight baths—renting for $25,000 and $30,000 a year!

Either the realty experts have got it right that some of us are going to be mighty prosperous the next few years or they are taking big chances. Over $50,000,000 has been furnished in building loans in this city during the past year. Most of it has gone into apartment houses in Manhattan and the Bronx.

If anybody doubts that Gen. Prosperity is expected let him look about and see the additional facilities that are being provided for expensive living. The rich are getting ready to spend again—which is always good news for the poor.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

In some ways mules are safer than horses. Nobody ever bets money on a mule.—Toledo Blade.

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A friend in need—most of them are that way.

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A "pacifist" is a man who likes to get up a fight on the subject of peace.

* * *

"A woman seems always to be worried about something." And if she isn't worried about something she is worrying about her husband, or something equally infinitesimal.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Some women can really keep a secret, while others simply keep it to-ing.—Macon News.

* * *

Even a lazy man will put up a hard fight if an attempt is made to interfere with his lounging liberties.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Some young men feel like patting themselves on the back for living within their fathers' incomes.

* * *

When expediency is always considered there's small chance for principle.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

For a Traffic Court.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

According to the National Highway Protective Society 312 persons have been killed in the streets of this city during the last eleven months by automobiles. Does not such a slaughter argue well for the establishment of a Traffic Court, to which all violators of traffic ordinances could be brought from all of the five boroughs? Thus a record could be properly kept in one place of traffic violations. And, besides, a check could easily be placed upon such by making them lose a day to journey from all the ends of the five boroughs to some one place in Manhattan to be tried for traffic violation. Let it be decreed that twice tried in the same court means forfeiture of license. ANTI-SPEED.

A Plea for Tarzan Man's Lion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am writing regarding E. R. Burroughs's recent story, "The Man Eater." It is very cruel to leave splendid "Big Ben," the lion in the story, a prisoner in the Zoo. How unhappy the lion would be, wondering why his man friend did not come for him. While I was so afraid Mr. Burroughs would kill the lion at the end of the story, yet I wish he could have ended by having Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gardon take a trip to Africa and return Ben to his native jungle.

MRS. F. M.

Changing the Signal

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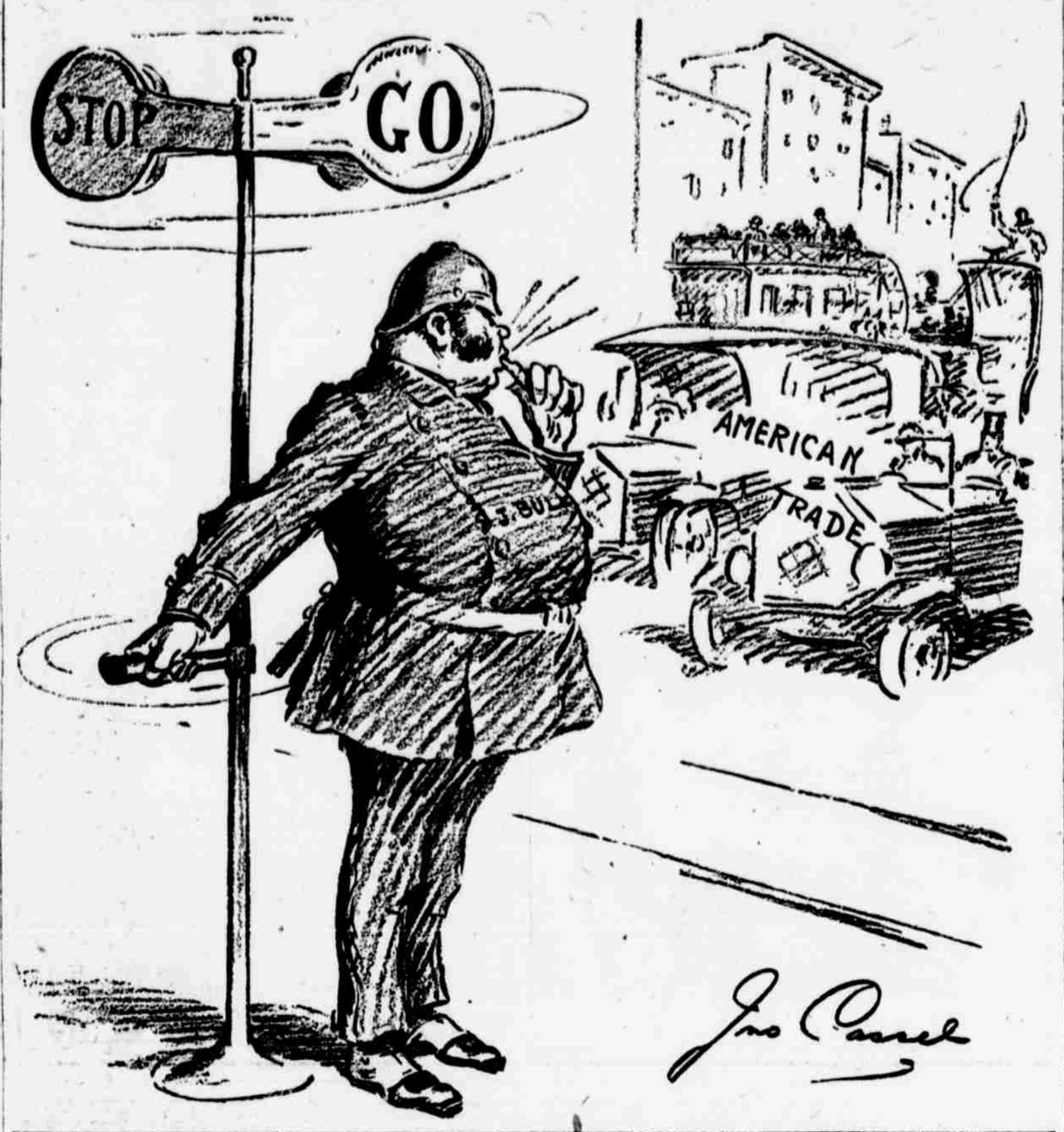
By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

—By Martin Green—

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"THEY tell me," remarked the Head Polisher, "that Henry Ford offered Thomas A. Edison one million regular dollars to go over and help the boys out of the trenches, and Thomas A. turned Henry down."

"Bear in mind," said the Laundry Man, "that Thomas A. is quite deaf. If he sees the lips of a person who is talking to him he can read the message without hearing the words. But Henry didn't stand in front of Thomas A. when he offered to divest himself of the retail price of 4,545 5-11 flivvers.

"According to the newspaper accounts, Henry stood on the o. p. side of Thomas A. and talked into his ear. Now, if is possible to make Thomas A. hear by talking into his ear, but everybody else within a block would share the information so imparted. Inasmuch as only those in the immediate vicinity heard what Henry said to Thomas A., there is a strong suspicion that Thomas A. didn't hear him at all.

"On the other hand, maybe Thomas A. did hear. You know, there are persons who are too deaf to hear anything when they don't want to hear anything and these same persons can hear a fly land in a plate of butter when they want to hear anything. On the other hand, maybe Thomas A. had looked over the bunch on the boat.

"Anyhow, he had been on the boat an hour or more and had seen everybody. Of course Thomas A. is a rich man, but a million dollars is a lot of money. Even Thomas A. knows that a million dollars is a lot of money. A million dollars is more to Thomas A. than it is to Henry because while Henry is gone his salespeople will undoubtedly sell at least 5,545 5-11 flivvers, yielding Henry a million iron men, gross. Nevertheless, as I have said, even assuming that maybe Thomas A. did hear Henry offer him a million dollars, we are still bound to consider the fact that he had been on the boat an hour or more and had seen everybody. It might be that Thomas A. thought of the rattle and roar of his factories over at East Orange and concluded to remain at home and enjoy some peace and quiet."

Pity the Aged!

"WHAT do you think of the President's plan of preparedness?" asked the Head Polisher.

"The only thing I don't like about it is the effect it has had on William Jennings Bryan," replied the Laundry Man. "Mr. Bryan is growing old. Where once his hair glistened like a raven's wing under the brilliant lights of the lecture platform there is now a cold, hard reflection such as is disseminated by a peeled onion. His voice is not as strong as it used to be. After talking continuously for a week he gets a little hoarse nowadays. He is a grandfather and ought to be allowed to remain at home and play with the children.

"But is he? He is not. Just when we hadn't heard anything about Mr. Bryan for a few days and thought he was out in Lincoln, Neb., or down in Florida under his own vine and fig-tree, out comes President Wilson with the announcement that we ought to have an army and navy. As soon as William Jennings Bryan heard about it he sent for 2,000 time tables, put a clean collar in his grip and ran to the nearest railroad station. It is a shame to force an aging man to travel all over the country and entail upon him the toil of talking and talking and talking. And that is just what President Wilson has done to William Jennings Bryan."

Maybe So.

"I SEE," said the Head Polisher, "that Charles F. Murphy says he will have nothing to do with naming a Democratic Postmaster."

"Well," said the Laundry Man, "maybe he has inside information. Maybe he won't."

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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"COULD you—ahem—let me have $2 this morning, my dear?" asked Mr. Jarr as he was departing for the duties of the day.

"Two dollars!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "What do you do with all your money? You had $2 from me just the other day."

"I had to buy some tickets for one of the boss's wife's charities," grumbled Mr. Jarr, "and I haven't carfare."

"Carfare doesn't cost two dollars," remarked Mrs. Jarr, "and I'm expecting some things C. O. D. You had a lot of money last week."

"I had to pay my insurance, you remember," explained Mr. Jarr.

"You're very extravagant with your insurance; it never seems to be paid for," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Yet you always fuss with me if I buy things on instalments."

"Well, with insurance one has to die to win," explained Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't talk that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "You'll outlive me, and after I am gone through economizing to pay your insurance the second Mrs. Jarr will laugh at me. But I tell you I don't care if she spends all your money and isn't economical like I have to be—if she abuses my children I'll come back and haunt you both!"

Here Mrs. Jarr sobbed.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Jarr. "You think I'd ever marry again after"—here he hesitated—"after having the best wife in the world?"

"You men all say that," protested Mrs. Jarr. "But I believe you'll marry before the year of mourning is out. Maybe you won't go into mourning for me. And that reminds me, you should have a new black suit. How could you go to a funeral when you haven't a black suit?"

"I don't want to go to funerals," said Mr. Jarr.

"You never want to go anywhere, even to funerals with me," declared Mrs. Jarr, "and when you do you act so nervous that it spoils the day for me. I don't believe you'll go to my funeral unless you are compelled to."

"Let's talk of something serious," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Aren't you going to let me have $2, kiddo?"

"If you mean me by that expression kiddo, I can only say kiddo hasn't $2."

"Give me $2, dearie," interrupted Mr. Jarr.

"I haven't any money left," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I told you I'm expecting some things C. O. D."

"Haven't you a dime?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I have to have carfare, you know."

Mrs. Jarr declared she had not a dime, and Mr. Jarr looked worried.

"I hate to go in Gus's place and panhandle him for a dime," he declared.

"Go to Muller, the grocer, or Bepler, the butcher, somewhere where I trade," suggested Mrs. Jarr, and then she added, "No, you better not; I haven't paid the butcher or the grocer this week, and they get very testy if you don't pay them promptly at this time of the year, because they say so many people do not pay their bills on account of buying things for the holidays. But that is no reason they should be testy with me; I am not to blame if other people do not pay them because the holidays are near at hand."

"But you haven't paid them on that account," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"You mind your own affairs and I will attend to mine," suggested Mrs. Jarr crisply.

"But how will I get downtown?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I have to go down to my work, you know. If I am not in the trenches every day in the week, how can I face the cashier on Saturday?"

"Couldn't you borrow carfare at the office?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"If you give me the wherewithal to get down to the office to borrow it I will," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, here's two dollars," said Mrs. Jarr. "Now give me a dollar and ninety cents change before you leave this house."

Uttering a despairing shriek, Mr. Jarr rushed out without taking the proffered money.

Mrs. Jarr went to the window and looked after him.

"I wonder what makes him get excited over every little thing!" she mused.

How Do You Treat Gossip?

—By Sophie Irene Loeb—

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WITH life fast leaving her as a result of bullet wounds, a young woman bewails the poison of the evil tongue. Thus the end of one life and the near end of another are laid to the door of gossip.

It also marks a tragedy that will cause sorrow and suffering to many other people. A man left this word: "People have made life unbearable by talking about us, and I am going to leave it all. People's talk is responsible for my deed."

A girl said: "I want to stop all this talk that is going on." Before the tragedy she gave up her position in a store to try to stop the "talk," but was unable to do so.

When, oh, when, will the person not concerned quit prying into the affairs of others? When, oh, when, will there be such a ban put on baneful gossip that it will forever be crushed? If people had attended to their own business two lives might have been saved and made useful. The affair would probably have adjusted itself, since the young woman was willing to give up work and sacrifice her own feelings in order to make it so. But the evildoers continued their work and her effort was without avail. They continued to hound her and blacken her good name until her sensible spirit could not stand the strain.

When, oh, when, shall we make laws so that the idle gossiper will properly get behind bars where he or she belongs, and where bitter tongues will go unheeded? If it were possible to sum it all up, the largest per cent. of human sufferings would be traced to the malignant methods used by the creature who lives on gossip; who forgets to cleanse his own soul in attacking the purity of another.

As a general thing, in many cases, punishment comes, even if late. The evil word, like a bullet, cannot be recalled, but times without number it rebounds and hits the sender. Yet when it does not, there is one big remedy left to society against the gossip—a remedy that cannot fail. If every person would eliminate the gossiper from his list of acquaintances the gossiper would soon find he was wasting his deadly arrows on the desert air, and his aims would therefore be defeated.

When one comes to you to whisper evil of another, remember that if this trait is in his makeup, to-morrow he may do the same thing with you as a victim. If you turn a deaf ear to him and decry his soul-killing wares, you help break the back of his traffic. This should not only be the desire but the duty of everybody who hopes for fair treatment for himself from his neighbors and from the world at large.

Break it up wherever you find it. Let the gossip realize he is working on fruitless ground. Make him understand that you see through him and show him how ignoble he is in your eyes. If each person would take this bit of responsibility in the protection of his brother-and-sister humans, the world would be a much better place to live in, and many an unnecessary pain would be prevented.

A little of the old Chinese adage goes along way: "See not, hear not, speak not, evil of anyone."

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

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She Gives Some Christmas Advice to Bachelors.

"I'VE got it!" cried the Widow as she shook the snow from her fluffy furs and put her small hands out toward the crackling fire, with a feminine purr of comfort.

"Got—what?" inquired the Bachelor, throwing down his overcoat and drawing up the two deep, cushioned chairs. "The last present of the war fever, or the skating fad, or hypochondria, or"——

"The Christmas spirit!" broke in the Widow gaily. "It always comes sooner or later, but this year I thought I wasn't going to catch it at all."

"Ah," murmured the Bachelor, taking out a cigarette with a sigh of contentment. "What are the symptoms?"

"Oh, that choky feeling that comes up into your throat," explained the Widow, "and makes delicious little chills run up and down your shoulder blades whenever you glance in a toy shop window or see a rosy cheeked kiddy looking at a doll counter, or whenever you smell oranges and remember the one they used to put in the toe of your stocking to make it look fat on Christmas morning; or whenever you fancy you hear sleigh bells or see churches covered with snow and lit up at night. It's a sort of all-over exhilaration—like—like love or religion or patriotism, that just grips you and thrills right through you, and that you can no more escape than you can any other infection. It is the mystic, magic spell of the winter solstice that steals over you and hypnotizes you, and makes you believe in Santa Claus and love, and fairies and witches, and happiness and—and all the other myths!"

"The Maddest, Saddest, Gloomiest Time!"

"IT never comes to ME!" declared the Bachelor with a groan. "Christmas is the hour of my discontent—the maddest, saddest, gloomiest time of all the year!"

"Of course," asseverated the Widow, pityingly. "You are nothing but a poor, lone, unattached bachelor, with nothing but a closet full of dead loves and memories to keep you company."

"Don't you believe it!" exclaimed the Bachelor, bitterly. "I've got a more gruesome closet than Bluebeard ever dreamed of having! I've been going through it to-day. It's the closet where I keep my Christmas junk."

"Oh!" cried the Widow, clapping her hands delightedly. "And what did you find?"

"Six moth-eaten smoking jackets," returned the Bachelor calmly, "seven unused crocheted mufflers, two dozen paper cutters, twenty untouched smoking sets, nine pairs of embroidered slippers (not one my size), fourteen pipes, and not one that will draw, two rickety cellarettes, enough sofa cushions to fill an asylum—and drive me to one—forty-two brass ashtrays and about four hundred necktie holders, handkerchief cases, shaving balls, suspender buckles, cigar cutters, bill folders, girl calendars, pipe racks, Rubaiyats, glove cases"——

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Widow, putting her hands over her ears. "It sounds like a department store advertisement labelled 'What to Give a Man for Christmas.' But why in the world do you KEEP them all if you don't want them?"

"Oh, for—for sentimental reasons," answered the Bachelor virtuously—"that is, there HAVE been sentimental reasons—for all of them. And, besides, what in the world would I do with them? No live MAN wants such things, and it seems cold-blooded to throw 'em away. But I take a look at them every year just before Christmas, and after that I shudder every time a girl looks at me sweetly. I know just what's coming. She's going to send me another ashtray or smoking set—and I'm going to have to go out and hunt up something 'appropriate' for HER. I'm already in for four watch-bracelets, two ostrich fans, seven vanity cases, two dozen orchids, four boxes of American Beauties, ten pounds of candy and about two tons of violets! And that's not saying anything of the twenty-four fond, fervent and enthusiastic letters of thanks I shall have to write the day after Christmas is over!" and the Bachelor groaned audibly as he lit another cigarette.

"Poor boy!" murmured the Widow soothingly. "You DO have to pay for it, don't you?"

A Heroic Remedy for a Mild Malady.

"PAY for what?" inquired the Bachelor.

"For being a bachelor," explained the Widow. "Now, if you were MARRIED, don't you see that you would be IMMUNE from Christmas gifts and sentiment and all that sort of thing!"

"I never thought of THAT!" exclaimed the Bachelor, taking his cigarette from his mouth and gazing at the Widow in awed admiration.

"Of course you didn't!" returned the Widow. "But don't you see that it would settle the awful problem? All you'd have to do, if you were married, would be to write a nice, handsome check for your wife"——

"Yes, yes! Go on!" urged the Bachelor.

"And all you'd get in the way of presents yourself would be a nice red necktie, or a pair of candelabra, or a new rug for the drawing room."

"But," protested the Bachelor feebly, "doesn't a married man—isn't he expected to give his wife something which will SURPRISE her at Christmas?"

"Oh, as for that," laughed the Widow with a wave of her gloves, "you might 'surprise' her by giving her a compliment, or a tender look, or a really enthusiastic kiss, on Christmas morning. Marriage settles a lot of problems—and supplies you with a whole set of brand new ones!"

"Hear, hear!" grunted the Bachelor. "And as Shakespeare said, 'Better to suffer those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of!' On with the JUNK!"

The "Oldest" Christmas Custom

PERHAPS the very oldest of all Christmas customs is that of decorating our houses, churches and our streets with evergreens. At the very dawn of history began the worship of the trees, or forest worship, and the groves were man's first temples.

All our instincts, our passion about nature, are forest memories, for forest worship was universal.

In later times to each god some tree was dedicated: Apollo had the laurel, Jupiter the oak, and Greece for ages had its sacred groves.

The forest worshippers could not worship without giving, because to worship is to give, and these boughs and garlands were the oldest gifts of man. Before he had learned to shape offerings of his own rude skill he could bring to the sacred trees and hang up on them the first flowers and greenery of spring and the perfect fruits of autumn.

These gifts, remember, were never, as with us, decorations; they were sacrifices.

The Romans, with a fine eye for beauty, used to garland their temples and homes and gathering places and even the big Coliseum with boughs of green and ropes of flowers. This particular custom was received by the Christians with a special sort of approval, recalling as it did, the fact that our Lord entered Jerusalem amid the strewn branches of the multitude.

We must not forget the welcome and lovely mistletoe and holly. Indeed Christmas without them would not, with us, seem quite complete.

Mistletoe was for ages regarded as sacred by the old British pagans—the Druids—and was surrounded with great mystery and sentiment, little understood by us.

It was supposed to possess healing powers and that it could ward off evil spirits. The reverence paid to this little parasite seems to have been restricted to it, only, when it was found growing on the sacred oak trees in the Druids' groves.

Once every year the Druid high priest cut it with a golden sickle, blessed it and distributed the sprays among the people, praying aloud that each one who received it might receive divine blessings, of which it was the symbol. Having received the sprays, the people hung them above the doors to propitiate the gods during the year.

The only remaining significance attached to-day to the mistletoe is the idea that if a maiden is not kissed under it on Christmas day she will go unwed throughout the year. This idea goes so far back into the past that one cannot trace it.

It is because the mistletoe is rare and not easy to get that we found and brought forward the holly, which though lovely, is used ONLY at a substitute for the mistletoe.

Jungle Tales for Children.

"DAD, you haven't told me a story for a long time," said Jimmy Monkey to his father.

"You call me 'Dad' another time and I'll never read to you again," replied his father.

"Father, dear," began Jimmy once more, "I should be extremely obliged if you would tell me an exciting story."

"Well," began Jimmy's father, "a long time ago, even before the moon was made of buttermilk instead of green cheese, there lived two Indians and they were chased one day by two white men. They ran and ran and ran. In those days every 'ran' meant a hundred miles, so when they 'ran and ran and ran' they went 300 miles and all the time the white men were chasing them. Finally they came to the top of a high cliff, a steep hill and"——

"Did the white men kill them?"

"No," said his father slowly. "One of the Indians had a piece of soap and with that they made a lather and crawled down the lather."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy.